

The False Lover

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Mrs. Ida M. Howard Tempe, Arizona, 1938

As I walked out one May morning To hear pretty birds sing sweet I leaned my back against
the little closet door To see true lovers meet.

Kind Miss, won't you come in And sit ye down by my side? It's been three quarters of a
year or more Since I've changed one word with you.

I'll not come in nor I won't sit down, For I have but a moment of time; You have wives,
sweetheart, a-plenty of your own, And your heart it's no more mine.

You have wives, sweethearts, a-plenty of your own, And your heart it's no more mine.

You crossed your hands across my breast, You made me believe by the false of your soul
That the sun rose in the West.

I'll climb as higher trees as you, I'll rob as richer next, I'll come down safe, and I'll catch
not a fall And I'll get who I love best. I'll come down safe, and I'll catch not a fall And I'll get
who I love best.

There's many a staro'er head, my dear, There's many a grave below; There's many a
curse on a young man's head That has served those poor girls so. There's many a curse
on a young man's head That has served those poor girls so.